THE MOON IN SOLID SILVER. In the temple consecrated to the moon—the deity considered second in importance as be-

ALL APPOINTMENTS OF SILVER AND GOLD.

Dominic monastery is still preserved an ancient fountain of Inca days, which has been consecrated by the Romish church for baptismal purposes. It stands in the center of an extensive patio, sucrounded by long lines of arched and columned corridors, one story above another.

other. It is of solid stone, a long oval in shape, rising above ground about four feet and sunk

EVERYTHING HAD ITS TRADITION.

which conducted it through subterrane

A GRAYEYARD DANCE.

A Ghostly Ceremony Witnessed in a Japan

A few nights ago a number of elderly an

much-traveled gentlemen were grouped in a semi-circle around the big fireplace of a down-town hotel swapping yarns and telling experi-ences. Among them was Dr. G. H. Colton Sal-

ter, who for many years was United States con-

sul in Japan and afterward entered the Chinese

government service. When Dr. Salter's turn

personal experience he gazed thoughtfully into

the glowing embers in the grate and after a

The many stories published during the past months about Indian ghost dances and the

months about Indian ghost dances and the Messish craze remind me of one of the most remarkable incidents I have ever witnessed during my long career in the orient, and I am sure there are but few Americans or Europeans who have had the opportunity to see the sights of which I am going to tell.

The native religion of the Japanese is, as you know, Buddhism, and there is no creed which is as full of superstition. Some of the ancient beliefs of the Buddhists are calculated to frighten the faithful and vividly portray the

frighten the faithful and vividly portray the horrible punishment that awaits the sinful man after he closes his earthly career, while others, with charming simplicity, show that the greatest aim of the Hindu religion is the release from evitence.

The doctrine of the transmigration of souls and a hope for a better fate in a future life are the principal foundations upon which Buddhism rests. Nagasaki, where I resided for many years, was famed for the splendid festivals in honor of Buddah, or Gautama, the founder of the religion. Owing to the work of missionaries and the consequent spread of Christianity in Japan, many of the religious fetes are no longer publicly observed, and the one of which I am about to speak had its last grand celebration in 1886, just before I left Nagasaki.

It is called the Matsidri and was held during

a grand terpsichorean entertainment or spirit dance and the graveyard was transformed "or

made a strong and overlasting impression on me. The night was perfect, the moon was at its

me. The night was perfect, the moon full and the air was fragrant with the perfumes Myriads of lights were

of thousands of flowers. Myriads of lights were flickering on the hillsides which surround the

city and the colored lanterns swayed gently to and fro, keeping time to the chimes of the silvery bells in the temple tower, which fur-nished the music for the mystic entertainment.

short pause told the following tale:

## WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY HENRY HARLAND (SIDNEY LUSKA).

[Copyrighted.] CHAPTER L.

TATE ONE NIGHT IN JANUARY, 1883, there came a mighty bang at my door; I opened; and in walked my friend Alvin Nore,

"What! You, old man!" I cried, in surprise. "Weil? Any reason why that should take your breath away?" he returned quietly. Why, yes," soid L "I confess I was scarcely

expecting a visit from you." Well, it's always the unexpected that arrives, you know," said he. "Anyhow, I don't see why you should treat it as a thunder-

He draw off his overcost, dropped into one of the easy chairs before my fireplace, got hold of the poker, and began to stir the coals, all in the most familiar and old-friendly manner

"It's a bitter night," he remarked.

"Well, I'm glad to see you at any rate," said I. "To tell you the truth, I fancied you were in a huff with me." 'In a huff with you? Why under the sun

should I be in a huff with you?

"Ah, that was just the puzzle. I couldn't for the life of me imagine. But we all thought you were in a huff with us, with the lot of us. you were in a huff with us, with the lot of us. Certainly you've avoided us like the pest of late. You haven't shown your face at the club since long before Christmas. You haven't dined at madame's since Thanksgiving. And twice when I have passed you in the street you've cut me dead. You've treated the other fellows in the same way. So—well, we drew our interesters.

I haven't felt in a social mond lately, that's "I haven't feit in a social mond fately, that's all. I've been keeping in my shell a bit. As for cutting you in the street," he added indignantly, "you know perfectly well I'd be incapable of such a thing. I couldn't have seen you; I must have been thinking about something; in a brown study. I've had a good deal on my mind lattle."

"Oh, of course we supposed something of the kind. We all agreed that there was some-thing wrong with Nore; we only differed as to the possible nature of his trouble. There were three theories current among us; one that you were, as I said, in a huff with us; one that you were in love, and one, if you don't mind my being frank, that you had the national disease."

"The national disease?" he repeated. "What

I explained, "the disease that affects every good American upon his attainment of that for which every good American is striving tooth and nail, success. Success, dear boy, is our mammon of unrighteousness, the golden calf before which we all fall down and worship. And when success smiles upon one of us he is afflicted with a strange and terrible disease. Dingy little half-dollar ordinaries like madame's ecome intolerable to him; he can stomach othing lower in the scale of restaurants than Delmonico's. The mere mention of beer makes him bilious; he must drink champagne. His memory is weakened and his eyes lose by degrees their power of recognizing his less successful friends. Those are a few of the symptoms. A good many of the fellows thought you had it."

"I give it up," said Nore, shaking his head.
"You've got the advantage of me. I don't smoke you. That disease is?"
"It's called the big head, for short," I murured, looking hard at the fire.
"The big head?" he cried. "Why on earth ould I have the big head?"
"Why, indeed? Why should any one have it.

if you come to that? Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? You are a successful man and we feared your success was beginning to tell upon you. Verstehen sie?" "I successful? Since when in heaven's name

Well, let me see. I never had any head for dates, but it's about two years ago now, isn'tit, since you got the order for the Smith mon-ument? A \$20,000 order! We thought as the ment? A \$20,000 order. the latter and your hing was drawing toward completion and your on the completion and your of the completion and your order.

preses it, pride nowadays instead of going before a fall seems to come after a rise."
"You're a set of uncharitable currundgeons,"
he cried. "I've been in the deepest depths
of the blues. I felt as though I'd like to go
hang myself to my bed post and be buried in
the potter's field. Then to avoid inflicting
myself upon my fellow beings I've nursed my
misery in hiding; and you, like the dear, good
old chap you are, you hold a council over me,
and decide that I've got the big head. I call
that—you've been frank, now I'll be frank—I
call that d—d unfriendly of you all."
"Oh, well," said I, "let bygones be bygones.

"Finished! Good enough! I congratulate you. When did you finish it? And have you got your money? Perhaps you've come around to blow me off," I suggested jocosely.

"No, I haven't exactly got my money yet," he answered, "but the thing is finished in clay and the casters are coming tomorrow."

"Well, honestly, old man, I congratulate you. By Jove, you ought to be the happiest mortal on the face of Mauhattan Island. It's two years you've been at work on it, isn't it?"

"Yes, two years, a little more than two years. Two years utterly wasted. Two years lost clean out of my life!" he cried with sudden bitterness.

what you say, admitted Nore, "is true enough in a general way, but it isn't true of my special case. This is no mere mood with me; it's a conviction. It's been growing on me, growing on me, little by little, irresistibly, for the past six months; a feeling, a conviction, that the thing was wrong, all wrong. As I told you, I fought shy of it; I tried to run away from it, tried to hoodwink myself, cheat myself, play the ostrich and stick my head in the sand. I'd go to work in the morning saying: 'Nonsense! It's all right. Work away at it and finish it.' But then, just as surely as night came round, that feeling would begin to creep, creep, creep over me that in real truth it was wrong, somehow radically wrong. Then I began to fuss over it, twist it about, alter it; but that only made it worse. The fault of the thing was fundamental, essential, intrinsic; no amount of alteration could make it right. I had begun it cong; from the wrong direction, the wrong point of view and in the wrong spirit. So the trouble wasn't here nor there nor anywhere, it was everywhere, from the bottom to the top; it leavened the whole lump. The only possible way of making it right was to take the thing down and begin it over again. But that was what I hadn't the courage to do. I'd spent mighty near two years at it, and I wasn't brave enough. I wasn't artist enough to

drawn and quartered than let the thing go forth as my work."
"Well, my dear feilow, if you feel as you do,

and if you're right-which I doubt-the only step for you to take is to do another figure. If you can't whip this one into shape by altering it you'll have to do another."
"Yes," he said, "that's all very well, but my time is up. The contract requires that it shall be delivered in bronze on the 15th of April. Here it is the middle of January now."
"Oh, but that could be easily arranged.
Write to the committee and ask for an extenhalt again.

write to the committee and ask is sion of time."

"Don't you suppose I've done that already?
But the committee: Do you know the sort of people the committee is composed of? Stockbrokers, merchants, lawyers, politicians; men who know less about art than you or I know about esoteric Shintoism, but think they know everything. I did write to them. I told them I wasn't satisfied with what I'd done and I saked for a year's extension. What do you asked for a year's extension. What do you and I saked for a year's extension. What do you and I saked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to asked for a year's extension. What do you are up to a year's extension. What do you are up to a year's extension. What do you are up to a year's extension. What do you are up to a year's extension. What do you are up to a year's extension. What do you are up to a year's extension are up to a year's extension. I wasn't satisfied with what I'd done and I asked for a year's extension. What do you suppose they answered? They came up to the studio in a body only three days ago to inspect the thing, and, blockheads that they are, they were delighted with it. Extension of time? No, indeed! It was perfect, superb, stunning; even elegant. What action! And what a likeness! I might be as dissatisfied as I nleased—very proper and becoming modesty.

I studio bunding, how come the entered the aute room. He flung himself upon a sofa, and pointed to a portiere at his right. "I's—it's in there," he said in a sort of gasp. "Sit down and let us rest a bit."

I sat down and waited. He was leaning over, his hand supporting his forehead, his eyes fastened upon the floot.

"Do you know what I feel like?" he asked presently.

what a likeness! I might be as dissatished as I fasteried upon the floot.

pleased—very proper and becoming modesty. But they were overjoyed; and that was the important thing. They wouldn't hear of an extension of time. It must go up at once and be unveiled on Decoration day."

"Well," said I, "probably your committeemen were right after all. Probably it is good and you're mistaken. I can't believe it's as of his child."

After that we did not need to be asked presently.

"My dear Nore, I know it's a terrible moment for you. It's idle for me to tell you that I sympathize with you."

"No, sympathy won't do me much good. I feel like a Roman father about to take the life of his child."

failure in the eye of the artist himself. The thing accomplished always falls so far short of the thing conceived of and projected. But to other people—to those that haven't that original conception, that ideal, forever in their mind's eyes, to compare the finished product with—to them it seems all right. That's a law of art, one of art's primary conditions."

"Again, what you say is all true enough in a general way," Nore retorted, "but again it's untrue of my special case. My failure isn't a relative failure, it's a positive failure. It isn't simply that the figure pales by comparison with what I had hoped it might be—comparisons aside, it's absolutely bad. It's false, it's shoddy, it's sensational."

"Well, you know, it's always open to you to throw up the commission," said I, "though

"Well, you know, it's always open to you to throw up the commission," said I, "though that would be cold comfort. Tell your committee people that the statue does not satisfy you, refuse to deliver it, and let the whole business dron."

you, refuse to deliver it, and let the whole business drop."

"Yes, exactly; and ruin myself forever and a day. To begin with, I've got to have the money. I could get on very well without it for another year or so, but I've got to have it it's flashy, insincere. If you were to live with it sooner or later, because I'm up to my ears in debt. I've been living on borrowed money since the Lord knows when and until I get the pay for this I can't settle with my creditors. But in the second place it would blast my career eternally. Who do you suppose would ever entrust snother commission to me, if I went back on this at the last moment, as you propose? No, I can't afford to throw up the commission." pay for this I can't settle with my creditors. But in the second place it would blast my career eternally. Who do you suppose would ever entrust another commission to me, if I went back on this at the last moment, as you propose? No, I can't afford to throw up the commission."

commission."

"Well, then, what are you going to do? What can't be cured must be endured. I don't see but you'll have to make the best of it."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'll tell you in three words. It's to tell you that, that I've come here tonight to tell you what I mean to do and to sak for your excitation." to do, and to ask for your assistance."
"Well, go on, go on," I prompted as he

"Smash it." I exclaimed.
"Yes, smash it. I'm going to take a crowbar and shove it under the general's feet and give it a tilt and topple the whole thing over on to the floor, where it will lie, a shapeless mass of clay. Then I'm going to sit down and perjure my soul, by writing to the committee and telling them a whacking bang. I'm going to tell that owing to some unsuspected weakness of the interior supports my statue has fallen, kerflop! and is a hopeless wreck; then I shall ask them for a year's extension of time, in which to do it over again. They can't refuse it in the face of such a terrible calamity. Then

eases desperate grown by desperate appliances are relieved or not at all, he quoted.

"As for throwing away the work of two years, it comes hard. I can't deny, but that's my misfortune. I'd rather throw it away than let it stand if I know it's bad, wouldn't I'. No. I've thought it all over, and I've made up my mind. It's the only way out of my difficulty. It's got to be done, and it's got to be done tonight, for the casters are coming tomorrow. I've had a sharp tussle to bring myself to the point of recognizing the necessity; but now that's over, and I'm ready for the fray."

He spoke cheerfully, almost lightly, but his face was as white as wax, his eyes burned and his voice shook a little.

"By Jove, old man," I cried, "I admire your pluck. No one but an artist could make such a resolution as that. Any other man would say, "Let it go for what it is." But that is art's divinity: the sacred fire that differentiates it from every other form of human labor. In other trades men seek an approximate good; in art the good a man seeks is absolute. No makeshift will content him. He can never say to himself, "Well, it might be better, but still it will do. So long as he feels that it could be better he must work to make it so. Not till he believes it as good as human endeavor can render it is he able to call it finished. Afterrender it is he able to call it finished. Afterward, of course, after it's gone from his hands, after it's got cold, then he realizes that it's riddled with imperfections, but he's got to think it right or he can't leave it. I don't believe any one but an artist could understand your state of mind."

"Oh, my state of mind be hanged, and be hanged, too, all your high-falutin' talk about mon here."

Not till he already; the backbone of it is broken; it can't seem to stand long; its own weight must bring it down sooner or later. The sooner the better, only I can't do it. I've done all I can already. It's your turn now. Throw yourself upon the crowbar, old man, and finish what I have begin."

"I'. Never!" I cried.

"Oh, come! Don't refuse me that. The mission here."

riddled with imperfections, but he's got to think it gibt or he can't leave it. I don't believe it that of mind. The mind that it gibt or he can't leave it. I don't believe it that of mind. The mind that it gibt or he can't leave it. I don't believe it that of mind. The mind that it gibt or he can't leave it. I don't believe it that of mind. The mind that it gibt or he can't leave it. I don't believe it that of mind. The mind that it is a mere question of mon honesty and or common expediency. An an honest workman I can't deliver a botched job and pocket my employer's money, and as a man with his eyes open to the main chance I can't leave got one of the main chance I can't leave got of the main chance I can't leave got of the mind that it is done in the mind that it is done in the mind that it is done in the mind that it is done on the first in a done of the mind that it is done on the first in a done of the mind that it is done on the first in a done of the mind that it is done on the first in a done of the mind the most for a while first. Write to your casters and put them off for a week. Then lock up your studies the me have a look at his gagain. Perhaps with a freah mind it will strikey ou differently. You may see a way to worred. Then come back and look at the your differently. You may see a way to worred to thought? Good God! What else do you will take such an irrevocable step as till wouldn't ake such an irrevocable st

turned into University place, all without speak-ing. The town was silent, desorted, asleep; and for heart for company. Well, now it's finished, and temorrow come the plaster-casters. And now I can't hoodwink myself any longer. The kindly scales have fallen from my eyes. It's a ghastly failure; it's insincers. I'd rather be

ing dominoes with a customer, while his wife sat enthroned behind the bar.

We took possession of a table, and Nore demanded, "What will you have?"

I deciared for beer, but for himself my friend ordered whisky neat. He swallowed two large doses of it, taking his time over them, and glaneing through Puck the while. At last, "Well, forward, march," he cried; and we proceeded upon our journey. But at the very threshold of the studio building he called a halt again.

"I dare say you'll think me extremely chicken

and you're mistaken. I can't believe it's as bad as you say, because, as I told you when I saw it, I really did think it an immense success."

"I don't care what you thought. I don't care what anybody thinks. An artist's last court of appeal in such matters has got to be his own inner feeling, his own artistic conscience. My inner feeling has spoken; judgment has been handed down; the case is closed. If the brushed aside the portiore and we walked into his studio.

It was dark and chilly, and the air was loaded to with the damp, oder of clay. He lighted the

handed down; the case is closed. If the 50,000,000 inhabitants of this country arose as one man and pronounced the thing right it wouldn't make the slightest difference to me. I know it's wrong."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry for you, old fellow. I'm sorry your feeling should be what it is; but I'm quite certain that after the statue has gone up, you'll get reconciled to it. If you come to talk of failures, every work of art that has ever been turned out on this planet was a failure in the eye of the artist himself. The thing accomplished always falls so far short of

"A stunner? Yes, exactly, so it is. It he

just that sensational, meretricious quality, that dash, that go, I don't know what, which will make everybody call it a stunner when they first look at it. But it has no staying power.

it. Why, it's alive!"
"All right. It will be dead enough in about five minutes," he rejoined.

He went to a corner of the room and brought back a crowbar; the sight of it gave me a shiver, as if it had been a murderous weapon. Then he stood still for a little, leaning on his crow bar, and appeared to be looking the statue

crow bar, and appeared to be looking the statue over from cap to toe.

"Two years' work," he said, finally. "And, good Lord, how I've worked at it! I hate the thing, and yet—well, I love it. It represents two years of my intensest life. Do you remember the supper I gave here in my studio two years ago, just after I'd got the order, to celebrate my luck? Who'd have thought then that it would come to this!" For a minute or two longer he looked at it in silence. "Ah, well, it's got to go," he cried in the end. "If it were done, when 'twere done, 'twere well it were

sounding clang-clang to the floor, and falling back a few steps, "No, I can't do it," he cried. "I haven't got the sand. I must have something more to drink. Go into the ante room and fetch me a decanter of whisky you'll find on the shelf in the cupboard."

"Look here, Nore," I began.

"For God's sake do what I ask you to and don't dispute with me," the poor fellow cried.

don't dispute with me," the poor fellow cried passionately.

I went off and fetched the whisky. He drank a stiff glass of it at one swallow. "There! I feel less like a woman now," he announced. He picked up his crowbar and again advanced upon the status.

A PLACE OF GOLD

The Ancient Capital of Peru Founded by the First Inca.

OLD-TIME MAGNIFICENCE.

Statues, Frieses and All the Appointment of the Temples Once Made of Solid Silver and Gold-Work in the Palaces of the Incas ing the mother of the Incas-her effigy was rep-Still Shown in Modern Buildings.

Cuzco, PERU, 1891. THE PRINCIPAL CHARM OF THIS EX-

I tremely picturesque but uncomfortable city lies in its antiquity, and in the glamor which history and tradition have thrown around it. So many centuries ago that the date is lost in the mists of fable, this now comparatively empty portion of Peru was swarming with one of the richest and most powerful nations under the sun. Archeologists estimate that the enormous population once herded in these narrow valleys was far more numerous than that which today spreads over the whole area of the United scattered over hundreds of miles in all directions, may be seen the remains of towns and cities which, perhaps a thousand years ago, were much more populous than any that now exist in the country. A civilization was here developed which has left memorials of its geniu and advancement carved in massive stone, and

evidences of industry which their destroyers have nover imitated.

FOUNDED BY THE FIRST INCA.

Tradition tells us that Ozzco was founded by the first Inca—Manco Capac—a supernatural personage who came down from the sun heaven gold and various jeweled imitations of the supernatural conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temples where the sacred corn was cultivated, were all of silver and gold. The gardens, like those belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with silver and gold and various jeweled imitations of the personage who came down from the sun heaven on purpose to consolidate all the tribes of the surrounding country under one form of relig-ious government; that he was accompanied and assisted by Mama Oella, his sister, who was also his wife, and that the pair were directed by their father, the sun, to make this the holy city for his worship, as well as the royal capital of the new nation.

the new nation.

The present Plaza Mayor, in the center of the The present Plaza Mayor, in the center of the modern city, is undoubtedly the same great central square of Manco's day, though a portion of it has been built upon; and long, narrow streets cross each other at right angles, the same as in ancient times. Two rivers that run through it were inclosed by the earliest builders between high walls, crossed by numerous bridges formed of projecting stones. Those ancient walls have never been renewed and most of the bridges are yet in use, for modern engineers say they could not be improved upon. Certainly their substantial character is attested by the fact that the winds and rains of many centuries have failed to injure them. At many centuries have failed to injure them. At frequent intervals along the walls stone steps lead down to the water, which are worn into deep hollows by the feet of generations gone to dust.

CYCLOPEAN TERRACES. Being built on unequal ground, the original architects were compelled to make many terraces in order to provide suitable sites for their races in order to provide suitable sites for their immense structures. They walled the torraces after the fashion called "Cyclopean," with stones of irregular shape and size, all carefully fitted together like the scraps of a crazy quilt; and some of these walls outline the streets today. The poorer dwellings of the common people of ancient times long since disappeared, but the conquerors converted many of the temples and palaces into churches and convents. The old-time gateways were retained, and though most of the better buildings now to be seen are of comparatively recent origin, one finds

vians which they knew would decide the fate of their campaign, as defeat meant death to every one of them. According to a legend claborately carved over the main doorway of the cathedral the Spanish victory was due to San Jago (St. James), who appeared at the critical moment upon a milk-white horse and took part

THE CONVENT OF BANTA CATALINA. The present convent of Santa Catalina was

erence and awe, while the elements, the wind, the rain, the earth, the air, mountains, riverseverything which impressed them with ideas of sublimity and power, or which exercised marked influence for the weal or wee of man, came in for a share of worship. They also adopted a notion not unlike that professed by some of the schools of ancient philosophy, that everything on earth had its architype—its "mother," as they expressed it—which must be held sacred, as being in some sort its spiritual essence. And besides all these, their system embraced the countless deities of all the conquered nations, whose images were transferred to Cuzco. REPTILES OF AGES GONE BY. re Which Walked the Earth and Swam the Sea Long Ago.

TALE WITH PROP. COPE ON THE SUBJECT-REPTILES WHICH FED EPON OTHER REPTILES THAT WEIGHED TWENTY TONS-SOME WITH HOLLOW BACKBONES AND 2,000 TEXTH. "Reptiles as they are found in the world at

the present day are but degenerate survivors of their kind as they existed in epochs long ago," said Prof. Cope to a writer for THE STAR "The first reptiles of the world made their appearance at the close of the paleozoic period, when the coal was in process of formation. They were all land animals. Among then, there were no flying creatures, no marine swimmers, no gigantic types and no especially herbivorous "At the close of the coal-forming period there water, and reptilian life rapidly spread and

ing the mother of the Incas—her effigy was represented in the same manner as that of the sun, on a vast plate that covered nearly one side of the building. But this plate and all the other decorations of her temple were of silver instead of gold, as being better suited to the paler effulgence of that beautiful planet. One of the three other temples was dedicated to the host of stars that formed her bright court, another to thunder and lightning, and another to the rainbow. There are several smaller edifices and insulated apartments within the temple walls for the secommodation of numerous priests who officiated in the various services. All the plates, ornaments and utensils of every description appropriated to the uses of religion were of solid gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great salon filled with grains of Indian corn grown in the temple gardens and on the Sacred Islands of Lake Titicaca, and a Spanish historian who saw these vases asserts that "each was as high as a good lance, and so large that two men with outspread arms could barely encompass them."

ALL APPOINTMENTS OF SILVER AND GOLD. grew. The reptiles which had previously existed were all of one kind. Their remains are found in this country wherever the deposits in lagoons, lakes and estuaries have been calculated for their preservation. From this point of time, however, began what may appropriately be called the epoch of reptiles. The paleozoic period was brought to a close by a great upheaval, due to contraction of the earth's crust, by which the Alleghanies and the Ural system were uplifted. Then began what is called the 'mesozoic epoch,' during which the reptiles may be said to have run creation. That is to say, they were the highest order of beings at that time alive. What man is now the reptile was then—that is, lord of all existing things. Reptiles waiked upon land, navigated the water, flew through the air, and, in short, pursued every avenue of existence that is zoologically conceivable.

"Early in the mesozoic epoch there appeared marine reptiles which, though derived from land species, became more and more aquatic through the necessity of living in water, developing on that account swimming organs, &c. Land reptiles also began to develop in huge proportions. Why they grew so big no one knows, but it may have been because they had no rivals in the struggle for existence; they had all they wanted to eat and naturally increased in bulk. At all events, no creatures The censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifices, the pipes

gold and various jeweled imitations of the vegetable kingdom. There were also statues in gold and silver, mainly those of animals, among which the liama, with golden fleece, was conspicuous. All this we have on the word of such renowned historians as Sarmiento, Pedro Pizarro, Garcilasso, Herrera and others. Prescott adds: "If the reader sees in this fairy picture only the romantic coloring of some fabulous El Dorado, he must recall what has been written about the palaces of the Incas and consider that these 'houses of the Sun' were the common reservoirs into which flowed all the streams of public and private benefaction throughout the empire."

LIMBING REPTILES.

"What the mammals are in the scale of creation today the reptiles were in the mesozoic epoch. They swam the seas, climbed trees and were most phenomenal jumpers. Some of them even flew. While some were herbivorous, living upon plants, others were carnivorous, preserv-CARRIED AWAY BY THE CONQUERORS.

Many of these costly articles were buried by the natives to keep them from the cupidity of enormous beasts, often as much as seventy leet in length. They afforded food for the carnivorous reptiles, which were smaller than the herbivorous kind, just as lions and tigers nowadays are smaller than oxen. Though bigger the vegetarian creatures usually had not armor nor weapons to defend themselves with. Their most powerful defense was a kick, which, delivered with a hind leg fifteen feet in length, was assuredly not by any means to be despised. their conquerors, but enough remained to excite the Spaniards' profoundest admiration and to stimulate their greed to the highest pitch. They speedily removed everything portable, and even tore away the golden frieze and cornices. On the very ground once occupied by the gorgeous Coricancha now stands the stately church of Saint Dominic, one of the handsomwas assuredly not by any means to be despised at. The herbivorous reptiles of that epoch were mainly of three descriptions: est structures in the three Americas. Fields of corn and alfalfa now ripen in the temple gardens which once glowed with golden statuary, and where the children of the sun celebrated their religious rites bare-footed friars chant Ave Marias. Inside the court yard of the St. Dominic monastery is still preserved an ancient



though most of the better buildings now to be seen are of comparatively recent origin, one finds everywhere parts of Inca walls and strangely-carved portals incorporated into the newer houses. Francisco Pizzaro's casa is an example of this patch-work style of architecture, having an imposing portal that far autedates his own rather distant time.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL.

Cuzco's great cathedral occupies the site of the ancient building which the eighth Inca dedicated to the festivals of the people and which the early chroniclers tell us was large enough for an entire regiment to exercise under its roof. It was in this building that the invaders, under Gonzalo Pizzaro, barricaded themselves for that last battle with the Peruvians which they knew would decide the fate of THE "CAMARASAURUS," SEVENTY PEET LONG. Besider the great Sun Temple and its ad-juncts, were a large number of inferior temples and religious edifices scattered all over

SULLIVAN'S "IVANHOE."

The Score Considered Simply as Music, and Its Value.

From the London Telegraph.

After Robert Schumann had read through the score of "Tannhauser," he said to Mendelssohn, "I declare that ha (Wagner) cannot write or imagine four consecutive bars that are



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ABOUT GLASS EYES.

Not Always to Be Detected When Seen-The

from the Buffalo News. "Good glass eyes come high," said an oculist

"Cost a big price, do they?"

"Yes, the good ones do." "Then there is a good deal of difference?" "Oh, yes. They range all the way from 50 cents to \$50."

"Is there such a big demand for them?" "Larger than most people suppose. The came to dive down into the recesses of his mem-fact is that many people get along so well with ory and produce an original story founded on glass eye that not one person in ten suspects

"Some of our friends may be wearing one

know it?"
"Precisely. I'll bet that several people in this city with whom you are acquainted are wearing glass eyes and the fact has always escaped your attention."
"Tell me something about the business, decire."

grew. The reptiles which had previously existed were all of one kind. Their remains are doctor."

"In the first place the greater share of glass eyes, so called, are not glass. The best quality of artificial eyes is manufactured in America by a process that is kept absolutely secret. These are the lightest and best and will last longer. The Germans also make a fine artificial eye. The best eyes are made of stone. The German article is cheaper than the American. The veining in the foreign eyes is not so well marked."

"What makes the trade profitable?"

"Til tell you. One-eyed men are likely to be rather scarce, and one would think that having once stocked up they would buy no more. But this is not the case. An artificial eye gets to be a nuisance after it has been on duty two or three months. Another one has to be purchased. This explains the reason for the lively trade in these articles. There'll always be a

trade in these articles. There'll always be a trade in them, and a good one, too."
"How is it we don't notice a glass eye in

"Because they know enough to keep still about the matter, and wear the best eyes obtainable. In this way if you notice anything at all peculiar about their optics you imagine they have a squint or are cross-eyed."

"Because they know enough to keep still about the matter, and wear the best eyes obtainable. In this way if you notice anything at all peculiar about their optics you imagine they have a squint or are cross-eyed."

JAPANESE PIPES.

Smaking Has Been Reduced to a Fine Art in the Land of the Mikado.

Sir Edward Arnold in Scribner's Magazine.

To be quite Japanese we will begin by taking from our girdle the little brass pipes and silken tobacco bags, filling the Kiseru and inhaling one or two fragrant whiffs of the delicate Japanese tobacco. In their use of the nicotian herb, as in many other things, the Japanese display a supreme refinement. The rudest coolie, the coarsest farm laborer, equally with the lady of rank, the pretty geisha and the the lady of rank, the pretty geisha and the paper globes hung from tree to tree. On the minister of state, are content with this tiny the lady of rank, the pretty geisha and the minister of state, are content with this tiny pipe, which does not hold enough to make even Queen Mab sneeze. They stuff a little rolled pill of the fine-cut leaf into a bowl smaller than the smallest accorn cup, thrust it in the glowing charcoal and inhale deep into the lungs just one fragrant whiff of the blue smoke, which they expel by mouth and nostrils. Then they shake out the little burning plug into the bamboo receptacle, and load up again for a second ippuku, valuing only the first sweet purity of the lighted luxury, and always wondering how we can smoke a great pipeful to the "bitter end," or suck for a half an hour at a huge Havana pura. "Kiseru no shita ni doku arimas!" they say—"At the bottom of a pipe there lives poison." Much fancy and fashion are displayed in the appurtenances of the pipe. Ladies carry them in little long embroidered silk cases, with silken pouches attached, fastened by an ivory, bronze, silver or jeweled chap. Men wear stuck in their girand they were treated with every attention due to sacyed and distinguished visitors from the other world.

The night of the same treatment of the departed were supposed to hover around they were treated with every attention due to sacyed and distinguished visitors from the other world.

The night of the same the appurtenances of the pipe. Ladies carry them in little long embroidered silk cases, with silken pouches attached, fastened by an ivory, bronze, silver or jeweled chap. Men wear stuck in their girand terpsichorean entertainment or spirit dance and the graveyard was transformed for once into a ball room, where rhostly dencers. ninister of state, are content with this tiny jeweled clasp. Men wear stuck in their gir-dles. a pipe-sheath of carved ivory, bone or bamboo, and the pipe itself may be a small, commonplace article of reed and brass or an exquisite object in bronxe, silver or gold worked up with lovely ornament in lacquer or

Nature of Electricity.

From the Brooklyn Citizen.

The newspapers constantly keep the wonders of electricity in the public mind, and yet no one can give you a satisfactory answer to the simple question. What is electricity? One worshiping on the shrine of Buddha, whose emblem, the lotus flower, rose from the middle simple question, What is electricity? One physicist says "electricity is a form of energy of the lake. producing peculiar phenomens, and it may be Every one of the four days and nights brough converted into other forms of energy, and all new surprises and ceremonies, many of the lat-

converted into other forms of energy may be converted into it."

Other authorities may "electricity is a form of molecular motion." All this is but as clear as very thick mud, and so we must accept the evasive reply of another authority, who mays "several theories have been advanced, but none of them are satisfactory."

The first death in the world, so far as we know, from artificially generated electricity was that of Prof. Richman, of St. Petersburg, an enthusiasi on the new and captivating science. He devised what was practically the first lighting rod and was killed by it. From his laboratory he ran an iron to the top of his house in present lightning-rod manner and then he waited for a thunder storm. There was a terrific flash of lightning near the house—the professor's appliance worked too well—and he was found dead by the side of it. But some most interesting and amusing electrical experiments followed. An Englishman put on a pair of woolen stockings over his silk ones on a cold winter day. At night he pulled the stockings off without separating them and was apair of woolen stockings over his silk ones on a cold winter day. At night he pulled the stockings of electricity which followed. When he drew the silk stockings out of the woolen ones the electrical attraction was so manifest that the stockings would incline toward one another when held more than a foot apart. It happened that the silk stockings were black and the woolen ones of light color, but when he tried the experiment with both stockings of the same color there was no electrical appearance. This stocking experiment soor got to be the fashionable "fad" in England. Leydon jars were charged by the stocking process, and great fun was had by giving light shocks to persons and domestic animals. The militer of one that was told in a gathering of lawyers the color was the related beautiful to the day of the same color than any other process.

A year ago, says our Helsingfors correspond-ent, I mentioned the peculiar mode Finland has of dealing with its paupers and aged, and I am

Greek Must Go.

The most dangerous attack on Greek in the schools and colleges yet seen, says the New York Nation, was made the other day in England at a meeting of the head masters of the Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Charter-House, St. Paul's, Clifton and other schools—one of their usual annual or semiannual gatherings. It was led, or in fact made by Mr. Welldon, the head master of Harrow. He advocated the abolition of obligatory Greek both at school and college, and the substitution of science or modern languages, on two grounds. The first was the need of adapting education to individual tastes and capacity. The second—in the interest of Greek study itself—was that the Greek language might be left in the hands of those who really loved it and could cultivate it with success—to a sort of classical elite, in short, who would rescue it from its degraded condition as the bugaboo of left in the hands of those who really loved it and could cultivate it with success—to a sort of classical elite, in short, who would rescue it from its degraded condition as the bugaboo of dunces and sluggards. There was a good deal of discussion, pro and con, which elicited nothing very new, but Mr. Welldon came within two votes of carrying his resolution, this adverse majority being obtained by the adhesion of two of the smaller schools. We doubt if anything so ominous for Greek has yet occurred, for the English public schools are its stronghold today, and indeed England may be said to be its main champion. It has never struck such deep roots in education and general culture on the continent or in this country.

